

TO THE
DUKE,

UPON HIS
Return from Scotland.

24. Feb. 1679
90

SO the fair Light once banish'd, does Return
When with new Brightness crown'd, the Day is born.
Though all the time that disappears, we might
Much better say, We Vanisht are from Light.
For that still Guides the Day, when it is here,
And flies, but to extend the Day elsewhere.
As You, whom our poor Isle cannot confine,
More than the Sun can in one Country shine;
For the same Cause can never Banish't be,
Contain'd in no One Land, no more than He.
Ev'n he, descending from his shining Height
With us, does Rise in other Lands, as Bright.
And seeming to Go Down, to This Worlds view,
Retires, but is not Banish't to the New.
So You, no less than he, a Starr too Great
To Rise for ever in One Place, or Set.
In Sphere too Noble, and of Make too Pure,
For envious Mists for ever to Obscure.
If ought e're seem'd to intercept Your Light,
The Clouds ne're darken'd You, but hid our Sight.

A

Like

Like Heav'ns fair Ruler of the Day, as high
 Above all Clouds, as They above our Eye.
 Nor less than He, a Royal Planet seem,
 Born to Divided Empire too, like Him;
 Your Hemispheres in which You shine, have too
 Your Brother's Antient Empire, and his New.
 The Empire of his Race, which gave the Chair
 In which our Kings when Crown'd, now seated are.
 Ev'n so long since some Promise seem'd to give,
 That thence in time, we might our Kings derive:
 Gives us in You, a sure Support alone,
 Both of the *Scottish* Chair, and *English* Throne.
 Well did the *ROYAL MARTYR* e're he fell,
 To bind Succession, shew his latest Zeal.
 When Kissing *GLOSTER*, he forbad all Claims
 To *CHARLES* his Scepter, and the Sword of *JAMES*.
 Be *CHARLES* his Scepter ever Sacred still,
 And be the Sword of *JAMES*, Invincible.
 May the Young KING to mount my Throne prevail,
 May th' *ADMIRAL* in Battel never fail.
 Revolted Cities bend to th' PRINCES Yoke,
 While Fleets and Armies wait upon the DUKE.
 His Lot to Shine upon the Land, and be
 The Other's still, to Thunder on the Sea.
 All this and more, Kind Heaven understood
 Couch't in your Speechless Father's Voice of Blood.
 For Wounds have Mouths, which seem to gape and cry,
 And in the Voice of Blood, was Prophecy.
 Propitious Heav'n, the Martyrs Cry has heard,
 A King's, and Martyr's Cry, deserves Regard.
 Much to his Vows, as the Event does show,
 For their Success, the Royal Brothers owe.
 Our Sov'reign much for his Return must own,
 Meeting ith' Arms of Peace a Bloudless Crown.
 Much You, maintaining to the Sea that Right
 He o're the Land had gain'd, without a Fight.
 For what, alas! had it avail'd to boast
 His Scepter gain'd, had yet his Flagg been lost?
 And what a Maimed Monarch needs most be
 An Island-King, who is not Lord at Sea.

In his Return, Heaven no Hands did need,
 Reserving that for its peculiar Deed,
 Its Act entire, as seeming to declare
 None in the Honour of that Work should share.
 That Kings may know, on whom they must depend,
 Whose Gift are Crowns, and whence they do descend.
 And we due Rev'rence to our Kings may learn,
 Restor'd divinely, as divinely Born.
 This Heav'n perform'd, but left it to your Sword
 To Guard those Rights, to which he was Restor'd.
 Keeping in store this Honour as Your Due,
 What it began, should finish't be by You.
 And teaching us, where Human Hands there need
 To what a kind of Choice, it does proceed.
 When suiting Instruments to Ends, it draws
 The brightest Sword still in the Bravest Cause,
 Appointing, and then Arming You for Fight,
 Who to the Seas Command, by Birth had Right.
 Led by just Titles to as just a Warr,
 To reap those Honours, in which none could share.
 With double Courage arm'd, You then did shew
 What a Great Leader and Good Cause could Do.
 What the Kings just Rights could at once require,
 Or we from th' Hopes of your High Birth desire.
 When you the winged Host to Bartel led,
 And in your Flying Chariot 'fore them rid,
 Bearing your Brother's Thunder by your Side,
 And waving high his Flagg, with lofty Pride.
 This High, th' Ensign of his wrong'd Pow'r to show,
 While that His Vengeance loudly speaks, Below.
 Soon as the Sov'reign of the Seas did roar,
 Prostrate they fell, who could not Bow before.
 They knew his Voice, and to his Flagg submit;
 His Thunder own, and Him that carried it.
 Tall Ships that with their Flaggs erect did ride,
 Hide in the Seas, the Trophies of their Pride.
 Low as the Deep, their humbled Top-sails bend,
 And wide as that, their Ruins do extend.
 Such was the Fight, as did the World convince,
 None but You were Born for the Crowns Defence.

And

And tho it were not Your High Charge by Birth,
 Your Merit, to that Place had call'd You forth.
 While You at once deservedly unite
 The greatest Merit, and the highest Right.
 What vast unbounded Hopes may we conceive,
 Who under such a Pair of Brothers live?
 Happy! beneath this fair Conjunction born,
 Where both their Province nobly do adorn,
 And each so Worthy is, Great *CHARLES* to Reign,
 And *YORK*, to Triumph o're the Conquer'd Main.
 A better *KING* than He, no Land e're knew;
 No Seas, a Braver *ADMIRAL*, than You.

FINIS.
